

EUROPEAN TRAVEL FOR WOMEN. By Mary Cadwalader Jones. Macmillan & Co., New York.

We are all looking ahead and thinking of the spring trip and the Berlin Congress, and it seems not too early to begin preparations, for, as some one says, "one brings away from a trip abroad in proportion as one goes prepared." The guide-books are many, and to one making the initial trip somewhat bewildering, and it is advised that a certain amount of preliminary reading will greatly assist in the choice of books when one is really on the move, and it becomes necessary to narrow down one's list to a minimum. Not with those left behind can we class Mrs. Jones's "European Travel for Women," for though entirely different from the ordinary guide-book, it is so seemingly indispensable to the lone woman traveller that one wonders what she did before the book existed. Perhaps the answer is that the book came into existence with the independent woman tourist. Before this era the *courrier* or the *courrier* maid ruled undisputed.

The preface to the book modestly sets forth that it aims to tell women "what they had better take with them in going abroad for the first time, and to tell them how to get about most comfortably after landing." It does much more than this, however.

The first requisite the author advises on is the frame of mind which the traveller is to carry: "Unless travellers are willing to leave national prejudices behind them, and ready to see whatever is characteristic and excellent in a foreign country, without finding fault because it is unfamiliar, they had better remain at home. Americans are among the worst offenders in this regard; and there is no greater nuisance than the man who growls because he cannot get buckwheat cakes, or the woman who fusses when she has to do without iced-water." And again: "Remember when you go into a strange country that its inhabitants have not sent for you; you go among them presumably of your own accord, and their manners and customs cannot possibly seem stranger to you than yours do to them. It is scarcely worth while to go to Europe for the purpose of proclaiming all the time that America is in every way better; if that is your opinion, you can show it by going home and never leaving it again, but while you are abroad try to get all the pleasure and profit possible out of the visit."

We are to try to see things from the point of view of the average citizen of the place where we may be. We are told that many of the abuses of which travellers complain are perfectly justifiable and proper in the places where they are practised. The principle of tipping is explained and the rate one is expected to pay—a most perplexing problem to the unaccustomed, for you are expected to pay your tip, no more and no less, the tip-takers having their own standard of independence.

There is an easy little rule for life on shipboard and in railway carriages, the proper bearing at hotel tables, in the shops, towards servants, among equals or superiors, which we would do well to mark if we would escape the opprobrium of being "queer," "foreign," or "uncultured."

In preparation for the journey one is advised to decide on the sum total to be spent and subdivide it into weeks and even days, so that you may know how much to allow for each day. "Young and strong women can get along on two dollars per day." Letters of credit and express checks are discussed, foreign money, luggage, what to carry in your cabin, the marking of trunks and steamer chair, etc., etc. The chapter on crossing the ocean leaves no detail untouched, and is concluded with the most delightfully kind advice, which may be summed up in a word or two—be a lady on shipboard and off.

Once on the other side, there is a chapter on England, some timely hints for your guidance as well as much important information. Germany, France, and Italy have each their own chapter. Each is a great book in very little, and each gives a useful list of books for local reading.

The last hundred pages of the book are devoted to comparison of Réaumur, Fahrenheit, and Centigrade thermometers, to metric measures, a little word on foreign pronunciation, often abused, and some useful verbs and phrases.

Mrs. Jones has done so much for the nursing profession, and been so long identified with its interests, that although the book was written for women in general, one feels like claiming it as one more good thing she had done for us.

PARIS AS IT IS. By Katherine de Forest. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Another book which one can read by way of preparation if Paris is included in our trip abroad, or which can be of great solace to the grief of staying at home if we must, is Miss de Forest's "Paris as It Is: An intimate account of its people, its home life, and its places of interest." So runs the title, and very promising it sounds, and it is a promise that holds good from cover to cover. Some way Miss de Forest takes us into the very atmosphere of Paris and makes the most careless and heedless observe and comprehend something of the meaning of things. The chapter on "French Homes," of which the *Booklovers' Bulletin* says it is "a light to those who sit in darkness and condemn all Frenchmen as airy, immoral, and unstable," is also somewhat of a stinging goad to the American home- and housekeeper—she whose cry and lamentation of drudgery and bad servants fills the land so largely at present. She would do well to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" that chapter. I have seldom read any more pleasing and delightful word-picture of home life than those two little sketches of home life—the family pinched for means, yet managing to maintain themselves with all the necessities of life and many of its luxuries, and the other family with larger income and more fertile resources living almost the same sort of life as their poorer neighbor from choice.

There are glimpses of economies that cause one's eyes to open with amazement. "In very good French houses the fire will be lighted in the salon only when the company has actually rung at the door or on the days of reception." The chapter on the "great shops" you cannot afford to miss. The "Louvre" and the "Bon Marché" will not seem to you like "Stern's" or "Macy's" after reading it—"Bon Marché," the Socialistic Republic; "Printemps," which on the twentieth day of March, the legendary day when the old chestnut-tree of the Tuileries puts forth its first leaves, gives away twenty-five thousand bouquets of violets; the "Louvre," which gives away five hundred balloons daily to the children of Paris; "Samaritaine," which combats superstition by giving every Friday purchaser a tea-cup, a sugar-bowl, or a tray. And the museums of art—how much she shows you of them even in black and white print! Like Mrs. Jones's book, this is in no degree a guide-book, but it shows you things these never dream of hinting at, the real living things.

HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Arthur Hassall. J. M. Dent & Co., London.

An absolute necessity in a foreign country is some book of reference for the history of the country itself. The usual drawback is that history means many huge tomes, impossible to carry about and ponderous to search through when one wishes to certify a date or look up a treaty. This one is a most convenient